GEORGE
FOR
BRITAIN.
A
POEM.

Written by the Lady PIERS.

LONDON:
Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, between the two *Temple-Gates*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1714.

GEORGE

FOR

BRITAIN.

A

LONDON:

Printed for Bernard Lintott, between the two Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street.

Most Sacred Majesty,

GEORGE,

By the Grace of God,

KING

OF

Great-Britain, France, and *Ireland,*

Defender of the Faith.

SACRED SIR,

Amongst the Multitude of Your Majesty's Loyal Subjects, whose Hearts are exhilarated at Your Majesty's benign Accession to the Crown of Great Britain, *there is none that feels a more sensible Satisfaction and Joy than*

myself; or that more religiously acknowledge to Heaven the Blessing of so Good and Glorious a King; the Zeal of which has transported me to make this early Offering to Your Majesty, with continual Prayers, that Your Majesty may long Flourish on the Throne, the Greatest Monarch in the Universe: And late, oh! very late, resign this Temporal Crown of Glory, for an Eternal One, to the Royal Successor of Your Majesty's own Arms; of which may there never fail a Magnanimous Posterity till Time is no more. Which is, and ever shall be, the most earnest, and devout Petition of,

YOUR SACRED MAJESTY'S

most Humble,

most Dutiful,

and most Loyal Subject,

Sarah Piers.

GEORGE FOR BRITAIN; A POEM.

LONG had BRITANIA mourn'd her native Isle,
Debarr'd of Comfort to excite a Smile;
Long had She view'd bright *Albion*'s sinking State,
Torn with Division, threaten'd hard by Fate;

She saw their Folly, saw th' *Almighty's* Hand
Arm'd with fierce Vengeance to destroy the Land:
Oft by Correction had his Mercy strove
To bend their Minds to Gratitude and Love.
As a kind Father gently proves the Rod,
To awe his Children, for they felt their God:
Blind Passions still their Reason dispossest,
Choosing to curse the Land that Heav'n had blest.

A Land, through which the Providence Divine
In more perspicuous Harmony does shine,
Wherein the sacred Pow'r made Choice to show
The Elegancy of his Works below:
Happy the Clime, whose just Position's such,
No Season reigns too little, or too much;
But kindly Each on other does depend,
Greets his Successor, and retires a Friend.
Here bount'ous *Heaven*, with propit'ous Grace,
Did beaut'ous Order and rich Nature place.
Here Heat corrects the Cold, and Cold the Heat,
And Mediocrity makes all compleat.

When genial Warmth has pierc'd the teeming Earth,
Her numerous Offspring struggling in the Birth,
By kind *Apollo*'s Influence set free,
Sprout forth, and flourish in their Liberty:
Then *Hebe* ushers in the welcome Spring,
While winged Choristers in Consort sing:
Higeia to each Quarter does repair,
And with ballamick Wings refines the Air:
Flora in gay Apparel does appear,
And grows more sumptuous with the coming Year.

When *Titan*'s cheerful Face, with vig'rous Rays,
Adds happy Minutes to the fleeting Days,
Drives the dull Shades to Caverns of the Night,
And gilds coy *Cynthia*'s Front with modest Light;
Then leaves the Goddess and her Spangl'd Train,
To her more solemn and retired Reign,
But early claims his borrow'd Fire again.
With eager Thirst he quaffs the fragrant Dew,
Exhales chill Vapours, and restores to view
Th' enamell'd Meads, proud Hills, and humble Dales,
Stupend'ous Mountains, and capac'ous Vales:

Here a ſtill Grove, and there a purling Stream,
So oft the Lover's Queſt and Poet's Theam:
The fertile Soil with Joy he does embrace,
And ſcatters vital Beams in ev'ry place;
Ripens the verdant Graſs, and full Ear'd Corn,
While Sun-burnt *Ceres* piles the fruitful Horn;
Plenty and Pleaſure with full Current rowl,
And jolly *Bacchus* ſtrikes the flowing Bowl.

Now ſweaty *Autumn* treads the juicy Vine,
And cluſter'd Wreaths adorn the God of Wine:
Eteſian Gales relieve the Reaper's Toil,
And fan with gentle Breath the duſty Soil:
Then luſty Hinds their Labours home convey,
And for the Burthen paſt rejoyce and play.
The Harveſt hous'd, and later Fruits in ſtore,
Prolifick Nature caut'ouſly gives o'er
Her frank Productions, and ſupinely lyes,
To gather Energy for freſh Supplys.
In this Ceſſation fallow lyes the Field,
And ſpreading Trees their tarniſh'd Garments yield

To the ſtrong *Southern* Blaſt, whoſe Pinions bear
Thunder, that purifies the ſultry Air.

But *Phœbus* now reſtrains his hot-mouth'd Steeds,
And hoary Froſt his daz'ling Pomp ſucceeds;
Uniting with rough *Boreas* his Pow'r,
From off the Surface of the Earth devour
Its Droſs and Inſects; thus refreſh'd and freed,
Again 'tis Till'd, again receives its Seed;
Which feeble *Winter*, ſhattering and cold,
Gray-headed, wither'd, furrow'd, deep and old,
Does, with juſt Care, in ſnowy Mantles fold;
And frequent Rains produce a flowing Tide,
Moiſt'ning thoſe Parts the Summer Solſtice dry'd:
Thus, whilſt the tender Grain in embrio ſleeps,
The aged Sire his kind Indulgence keeps;
But when the infant Blades are ſet at large,
To ſoft *Favonius* he reſigns his Charge;
Who with the circularing Spring's Attire,
Blows up fond Wiſhes, Joy, and brisk Deſire.

This bless'd Abode, by Nature richly drest,
Is by a glorious Progeny possest,
Handsomly form'd, proportion'd, strong and clean,
Of graceful Aspect, and heroick Mien;
Ev'n *Cloe* has uncommon Charms to chear
The Rural Shades, tho' in an humbler Sphere,
To the more radiant Beauties of the Court,
Where Love and all the Graces have resort;
And each Perfection far transcends Report.
A mighty Genius forms their lofty Mind,
For all that's Good and Great by Heav'n design'd;
Sound in their Judgment, and of piercing Wit,
Gen'rous unconfin'd, but resolv'd in the Fit;
Weighty in Counsels, but in Action bold,
With Temper season'd, and by Love controll'd.
Here great *Apollo* does predominate,
The Arts and Sciences in triumph wait,
And *Pallas* cultivates the thriving State.

Hence pious Doctrine, and judicious Laws,
Advance the ſpiritual and civil Cauſe;
Hence martial Diſcipline their Triumphs treat,
And formidable to the World appear:
Hence, on the Bands of Union and Conſent,
Is form'd the wiſeſt and beſt Government:
An awful *Monarchy* the Nation frees
From Thirſt of Pow'r, and Animoſities
Incident to thoſe Hopes, which do ariſe
When Fortune does at random ſet the Prize:
Hereditary Sway ſtops fatal Strife,
Secures the Peace and Harmony of Life,
Indanger'd with thoſe Ills that creep by ſtealth
Into th' Elective Throne, and Common-Wealth:
Yet an Indulgence to the People's known,
And grac'ous Charters to maintain their own:
To happy Property they have recourſe,
A conſtant Check on arbitrary Force;
From the ſame Sanction Juſtice does derive
The Subject's Right, and Crown's Prerogative;

Uniting ſo their Intereſt in One,
What guards their Privilege defends the Throne;
A wholſom Eaſe and Liberty they feel,
To whet their Courage, and exert their Zeal
To Loyalty, the Source from whence does ſpring
The publick Good and Glory of their King.
For that kind Freedom which extends to all
Muſt ſurely ſink if *Monarchy* ſhou'd fall,
That Prop to each Man's Privilege and Right,
That Curb to bold Oppreſſion and Deſpight:
Democracy with its alluring Bait,
Does more enſlave, than manumiſe a State;
The Chance that ev'ry one has there of Sway,
Renders it harſh to thoſe who ſhou'd Obey,
Which ſtirring up Contention and Debate,
Compells a Rigor in the Magiſtrate;
For where the Popularity lays Claim,
Who can the many Headed Monſter tame?
Pride, Avarice, and Envy will remain,
And tho' diſmembred, ſtill ſprout up again;
In all *Republicks* we this *Hydra* ſee,
But flatter'd moſt in *Ariſtocracy*,

This Regal State's on firmer Basis built,
Without the gross Incentives to such Guilt,
The Prince and People's Interest is the same,
The common Welfare is the gen'ral Aim:
Authority does from one Fountain run,
And Justice is impartial as the Sun,
To which the poorest Peasant may apply,
Nor fear Repulse from haughty Tyranny;
No foul Administration can destroy
The Free-born Liberty that all enjoy;
Their Property, Law, Privilege, and Right
Are all defended from voracious Might;
Then with strict Care to propagate the Health,
The Peace and Splendor of the Common-Wealth,
This strong Foundation ever may endure,
In Vertue flourish, and of Fame secure.

As that wise Man, who to prolong his Days,
And crown his memorable Years with Praise,
By chearful Temperance his Life sustains,
And all luxur'ous Appetites refrains,

Finds

Finds Health in Body, Fortitude in Mind,
And every Sense and Faculty refin'd;
Knows how encroaching Ills may be suppreſt,
And quells the Rebel Paſſions in his Breaſt:
So where a juſt Authority is found
The People's wild Exorbitance is bound,
Leaving a fertile Crop to cherish Fame,
An ample Field to build a laſting Name,
Strength to atchieve the nobleſt Enterpriſe,
And Arms againſt Domeſtick Enemies,
The groſſer Humours of the State's Repulſe,
At leaſt, does not ſo frequently o'erflow;
Thus nothing here's debarr'd the Brave and Great,
But what wou'd poyſon and pervert the State:
So epidemical that, through Neglect,
The ſoundeſt Conſtitution 'twill infect;
Elſe why has Schiſm, Variance, and Diſcontent,
Crept into this judicious Government?
Why, baſe Incendiary's, ſuggeſting Fear,
Puddl'd a Stream that ran ſo ſmooth and clear?

Why

Why droops the *British* Genius? but to see
A mournful Prospect of Degeneracy.
Tell me, ye envious Powers that foment
Unhappy Discord in the Malecontent,
Ye who the Halcyon Days of Man invest,
And plant fell Batteries against his Breast,
How got ye Entrance in this awful State?
So wond'rous Pure, so intimately Great,
Where ev'ry Fortress seems so strongly bigrid,
And not an Avenue without a Guard!
Oh! Vigilance of Hell! thus has it been
E'er uncorrupted Man knew how to sin,
When in his God-like Station, free from Vice,
Infernal *Lucifer* storm'd Paradise,
Left nothing unessay'd that might destroy
The bless'd Tranquillity he did enjoy,
Yet Reason, long did Spite and Fraud repel,
Till fatal Pride betray'd the Citadel,
Open'd the Foe a Breach on ev'ry Hand,
And from within did the choice Force disband:

Subtly

Subtly Ambition thus at firſt prevail'd,
And on Poſterity a Curſe entail'd;
There ſprung the Mine, and well the Devil knew
Innumerable Evils would enſue;
Man having ſwallow'd the deluding Bait,
Of Ruin, and inevitable Fate,
Rack'd with Deſire, no longer did he move
The Image of his God, all Joy, all Love.
Tumult'ous Cares ſtraight throng'd his anx'ous Mind,
His Thoughts ſwell'd big, his Hopes were unconfin'd,
Till fanc'ing Want amidſt abundant Store,
He ſtak'd his Heav'n againſt a little more;
Thus graſping at uncertain Happineſs,
Loſt the ſubſtantial Good he did poſſeſs.

Beware, ye Sons of *Britain*, and adviſe,
Let ſad Experience teach ye to be wiſe;
This ſecond *Paradiſe*, oh hazard not,
The faireſt Fortune, and the nobleſt Lot,
Since that rich Garden in the fragrant *Eaſt*,
By you (the Favourites of Heav'n) poſſeſt;

Blaſt

Blaſt not, by Pride and Envy, the Intent
Of your ſublime and juſt Eſtabliſhment;
Grudge not at this Man's Pow'r, or that Man's Port,
But Fortune in a legal manner court:
Let all your Hearts unanimous appear,
And ſhine in Loyalty, within their Sphere;
As well rais'd Pillars ſtrongly do ſuſtain
A ſtately Edifice, with Care maintain
Your Country's ancient Grandeur, and apply
To each Defect a proper Remedy:
All dang'rous Innovations ſoon ſuppreſs,
But ſlighter Errors tenderly redreſs;
Like wiſe Phyſicians, prudently endure
The peeviſh Patient, to effect the Cure;
In your Preſcriptions faithfully agree,
Leſt diff'rent Means foment the Malady,
And chaſe the Fever to a Lunacy.
To this great Work with Application fly,
Prevent a vile and abject Deſtiny;
That the bright Annals of immortal Fame
May ſtill preſerve, from Infamy and Shame,
Your yet illuſt'rous, and triumphant Name.

Among

Among your Senators may never be
Diff'rences rais'd on too much Nicety;
Temper and Moderation, put in uſe,
A lucky Medium always do produce,
For when, by Inconven'ence, Reaſon's moor'd,
If Obſtinacy be caſt over-board,
Theſe thro' miſchievous Errors will guide right,
Retard their Progreſs, or defeat 'em quite:
Extreme's an Appellation underſtood
T' exceed the Boundaries of what is good;
A Head ſtrong Zeal, Attendant on Debate,
Ready to ruin, and annihilate,
For whether Joy or Sorrow we poſſeſs,
The Pain or Pleaſure's loſt in the Exceſs,
Like a ſhrill Treble ſcrew'd beyond the Key
Th' ungrateful Sound confounds all Harmony;
Nor Concord, nor juſt Meaſure can be made,
Till the String crack, or is by Skill allay'd.

That ev'ry Breaſt from Diſcord may be free,
And in the Publick Safety all agree,

Let

Let each impart ally himſelf correct,
From ſecret ſprings the general Defect;
Baniſh the Name of Party as a Bane;
Let private Intereſt wear an honeſt Rein;
Let publick Spirits Unity retrieve,
And largely reap the Benefit they give:
Diviſion leaves, ev'n in its beſt Event,
A broken and ill patch'd up Government,
Unjuſtly pois'd, enervated, diſmay'd,
And always by Sedition over weigh'd;
Whilſt Amity's ſtrong Chains theſe Ills controul,
Linking each ſingle Welfare to the whole,
So does Self-preſervation recommend
From ev'ry Breaſt, the Common-Wealth a Friend.
Avoid the Heat and Fury of Diſpute;
Aim leſs to triumph by it than confute:
Be not officious, Perſons to detect,
In Poſts of Truſt, but tenderly inſpect
The Slips of Government, and kindly ſtrive
To heal its Wounds without a Corroſive.
Envy not thoſe on whom the Royal Grace
(With juſt Reward) does higheſt Honours place;

But

But with true Hearts, your Country's Fame to raiſe,
Rejoyce, and add your Plaudits to their Praiſe;
A Recompence that Vertue wou'd inſtate
In room of thoſe rank Weeds, Diſtruſt and Hate,
Thoſe who poſſeſs it will exert their Store,
And it will thrive where it ne'er grew before.
Where *Merit* pleads lay Prejudice aſide,
Nor Juſtice wrong to gratify your Pride;
Do not with aggravating Spirits Cloſe,
But ſhun creating of Domeſtick Foes;
By *Truth* it ſelf this Maxim has been taught,
Kingdoms divided 'gainſt themſelves are brought
To Deſolation, neither can abide
That Houſe or City where theſe Ills reſide.

Let not Diſſention into Faction fall,
Nor baniſh Charity beyond recal:
With empty Forms let Church and State diſpenſe,
And not contend to open Violence,
Such Breaches but facilitates your Fall;
The common Enemy includes ye all:

'Tis not o'er part he aims at Victory,
'Tis *Europe*, and the *Northern Hereſy*:
Diff'rence of Judgment ought not to abate
Your joynt Protection both of Church and State,
Nor Friendſhip nor Affection alienate:
Since each Profeſſion boldly does deny
Another Means to compaſs Heav'n by
Than what, by Uſe, or Education's grown
Stanch and familiar to themſelves alone,
Condemning too ſeverely thoſe who chuſe
The Tenets of Salvation they refuſe;
The Humour's univerſal, nor ſhou'd be
A Ground for Strife or Animoſity.
And ſince in point of Policy we ſee
The Pagan and the Chriſtian can agree,
What Ground have ye for fatal Difference,
Where the ſame God ye ſerve, and the ſame Prince?
Tho' all Religions extant do profeſs
Abhorrence of Uncharitableneſs;
'Tis from that Root of Evil ſprings the taint
Occaſions Impoſitions and Reſtraint,

That barren Argument, that foul Defence,
No manifeſt Conviction of the Senſe,
Without which Man can never rectify,
Let him raiſe Perſecution ne'er ſo high.
Let all ſuch Feuds then generouſly ceaſe,
And hold the Bond of Unity in Peace,
That whoſe Profeſſion 'tis Chriſt to obey,
May affably be led into the Way.
Without *Apoſtacy* then ſafely ſteer,
Of Shelfs and Quickſands cautiouſly keep clear;
Sound well your Depth, the careful Plummet ply,
And keep the faithful Compaſs ſtill in Eye,
Leſt, blindly bold, e're ye the Danger ſee,
Ye ſplit upon the Rock of *Anarchy*.
In vain to the calm Harbour ye'll look back,
When all your Fraight's become the common Wrack,
In vain on Law and Ordinance to call,
When rapid Violence confiſcates all.

So reſtleſs Spirits, with impetuous Rage,
Do raiſe thoſe Tempeſts which they can't aſſwage,
In ſecret murmuring their Diſcontent,
And laying load upon the Government,

Veil'd

Veil'd with pretence of Publick good, diſguiſe
Their ſiniſter Attempts from vulgar Eyes;
Who, fond of Novelty, too ſoon give way,
Believe implicitely in all they ſay,
And long the dear Experiment to try
Wherein their vaunted Property does lye,
Miſtake its Good, and level all their Might
Againſt that *Kingly Power* that ſteers it right;
Stung with that Thought no Art can ſtem the Tide
Of clam'rous Ignorance, and ſawcy Pride.

As jarring Elements together claſh,
And Waves o'er one another rowl and daſh,
Drove back and forward, by each adverſe Wind,
But ſtill in Mutiny are ſtrongly joyn'd,
No Gale directing to a ſteady Courſe,
Yet bending all beneath its bluſt'ring Force,
Rebellion, when it once has taken Head,
Does with Precipitation wildly ſpread,
Divers Opinions ſoon confound the Cauſe,
And ev'ry one his own Conjecture draws,

Suggeſts ſtrange Ills, and Dangers very near,
And animate their Courage by their Fear;
The Torrent overflows all Reaſon's Bounds,
And their Ring-leaders in the Deluge drowns,
Then ſad Repentance ſhews 'em in Deſpair,
Popular Factions their own Tyrants are,
And nothing can the Helm of Safety ſteer,
But that eſſential Pow'r they ſo much fear,
The Royal Stamp their Freedom muſt reſtore,
Or they muſt never look for Juſtice more,
Which tho' retriev'd, Poſterity may bleed,
And curſe the Folly of the hot-brain Deed.

Thus like a Storm that's gath'ring in the Skie,
At Diſtance whiſpers, but approaching nigh
Exerts its Outrage, no Diſtinction makes,
But with promiſc'ous Fury rends and ſhakes
The rotten tott'ring Fabrick and the ſound,
The able Plant does with the feeble wound,
All in the common Devaſtation ſhare
Such Damages as Ages can't repair.

When Spleen o'erweighs the Brain 'tis hard to cure,
Like those infected with the Calenture;
False Prospects dazle their distemper'd Sight,
And straight unbounded Fancy takes its Flight,
Through ev'ry Opposition breaking way,
To plunge themselves into a boyst'rous Sea;
No sooner enter'd but the Fairy Ground
Is turn'd to foaming Billows all around,
Too soon alas they find the sad Deceit,
But yet not soon enough to make Retreat;
On their own Strength 'tis Folly to depend,
Nor leave they Pow'r with those that would befriend.

Weigh well th' Event ye Turbulent and Vain,
E'er ye like Madmen leap into the Main;
E'er, from weak Failures, ye strong Ills create,
Your selves embarrass, and involve the State;
By rash and indirect Attemps ye leave
Your Crimes defenceless, and your Hopes deceive,
Thus 'tis the Body Politick ye tear,
Tho' of one Piece, one Interest ye are;

Thus 'tis thoſe gracious Laws ye circumvent,
Pinion their Aid, and cripple their Intent,
Which were for Peace and Unity deſign'd,
The free and ſafe Commerce of human kind,
A Scourge by which Injuſtice ſhould be aw'd,
Our Guard at home, our Fortitude abroad;
Laws, which fam'd *Greece* and *Rome* have far excell'd,
Nor Nation ſince the World has parrallel'd,
Whoſe pious Scope, by ſullen Faction check't,
Turns the moſt ſolid Good to no Effect.
For what avails that great Intelligence,
Informs each Member with an active Senſe
Of innate Duty by inſtinct, when they
Are diſlocated, weak and can't obey?
Nor prevalent Neceſſity, nor Skill,
Can give them Strength to execute its Will,
Yet the pure Intellect is ſtill the ſame,
Tho' the frail Body's indigent and lame:
That Arcenal is eaſy to ſurpriſe
Wherein the Magazine unguarded lyes.
Think how that Wretch, juſt taken from the Rack,
With mangled Limbs could ſtand a fierce Attack,

His

His Judgment knows perhaps to foil the Foe,
But what Relief, alas! is it to know,
Without Ability to act? the Mind
Is doubly rack'd in being thus confin'd:
Th' extended Nerves their sep'rate Grief forego,
And struggle to oppose the mortal Blow;
But unsuccesful proves the feeble Strife,
To prop the main Machine of sinking Life.

So fares it with that Nation that withdraws
From Honour's Discipline, and Vertue's Laws;
Their ardent Zeal for Glory does abate,
And Dissolution soon o'erruns the State,
Their Principles corrupt, their Morals taint,
Honesty does beneath Oppression faint;
Vice does the Relish of all Good deprave,
Reason's suborn'd, and Truth becomes a Slave:
Impartial Justice can no more prevail,
Rage whets the Sword, and Profit turns the Scale;
The Spirit of wise Counsel does depart,
And Treachery assumes the Name of Art;

Vileſt Brutality's receiv'd for brave,
And he moſt Politick that's moſt a Knave;
Nature's Imbelliſhments are all revers'd,
And the Contagion ev'ry where diſpers'd;
From this Infection ſpring thoſe black Deſigns
That rack the Government, and undermine
It's Baſis, and their Country naked lay
To the next foreign Sword an eaſie Prey;
In vain inteſtine Quarrels they agree,
To join againſt the common Enemy,
E're they can rally their diſorder'd Aid,
The Blow is given, and the Conqueſt made.

As a tall Oak with tow'ring Branches ſpread,
Whoſe periſh'd Root can ſcarce ſuppute its Head,
Without Reſiſtance to each Blaſt gives way,
And owes it's downfall to its own Decay;
That Country's Safety ſinks where Honour fails,
Where Vice predominates, and Spite prevails.
For where, by Senſuality inſnar'd,
Vertues Foundation's caſually impair'd,

All noble Fortitude declines the State,
And in it's Overthrow muſt terminate;
Spirits debas'd give ground at the firſt Stroak,
And ſoon ſurrender to the Victor's Yoke,
But ſtrip'd of all they view, in wild Diſpair,
Their preſent Circumſtance and what they were;
Reflect upon their Happineſs of late,
And ſink beneath the Preſſure of their Fate;
Taught by Diſtreſs how to eſteem that Store
Of ſolid Joys they ſlighted heretofore.
Plenty too often palls the Appetite,
But wants the poinant Sauce that ſets it right.
The Foe then richly ſhines before their Eyes,
In Spoiles, their Vanity could not ſuffice,
Nor knew to value till they loſt the Prize;
So Bleſſings ſeldom are right underſtood,
Till we have felt what 'tis to want the Good.
A Series of Succeſs does oft incline
The active Faculties to lie ſupine,
By long Proſperity we're oft deceiv'd,
And make falſe Steps that ne'er can be retriev'd.

As *Hannibal* by dire Experience knew,
Of Conſequence both dangerous and true,
When he his conq'ring Army did ſurvey,
Diſſolv'd in Luxury at *Capua*;
No more thoſe warlike Troops that ſignaliz'd
Such Proweſs, as the wond'ring World ſurpriz'd,
Who tracing Glory compaſs'd Land and Sea,
Levelling Rocks and Mountains in their way,
Paſſing through *Torrid* Heat, and *Alpian* Snow,
Till at their very Walls they dar'd their Foe;
But an effeminate enfeebled Crew,
Whom Vice did to the Enemy ſubdue,
Which blaſting their brave General's great Aim,
Transferr'd unto his Foes immortal Fame.

Rouze, *Britains*, rouze from your lethargick Dream,
Stand up with Courage for that noble Scheme
Of Government and Conduct once your own,
Peculiar to this happy Iſle alone;
Renown and Honour doe afreſh invite,
And great and promiſing Succeſs excite

To Glory, under that auſpitious Name
Of GEORGE, your Patron, and your King the ſame.

Henceforth to Virtue wholly bend your Choice,
Nor liſten to the baneful Siren's Voice;
The wiſe Expedient of *Ulyſſes* take
When firſt th' inhoſpitable Shore you make,
Sure bound, from the Temptation ſafely ſail,
Nor let their Arts nor Treachery avail;
Secur'd by Sentiments of nobleſt Sway,
Fear not a dang'rous Paſſage in your way;
To your dear Countrey's Int'reſt be laſh'd faſt,
There's your Sheet-Anchor, that be your Main-Maſt.
Let no Diſtinction break that ſacred Tie,
That Precept ever be before your Eye,
There Union fix, in Bands of Concord twine,
And *Britains* Patriots in Love combine;
Thus firmly knit a ſtrong *Coloſſus* ſtand,
And ſhake the Univerſe at your Command;
By wiſe Conjectures juſt Concluſions draw,
Protect your Friends, ſtill keep your Foes in awe,
Give Kings their Scepters, and the World her Law.

Britain again erect thy lofty Head,
Fortune's arriv'd, were baſe Detraction fled;
The Cloud's diſpers'd from off thy Hemiſphere,
And thy bright genuine Vertues all appear:
Now, now's the time thy Grandeur to repair,
When only *Britains* ſhall the Credit ſhare,
And thy ſtout Sons their dear bought Lawrels wear.
A brave illuſtrious Offspring of thy Own,
Heaven has deſtin'd for this Work alone,
And plac'd Great GEORGE on the Imperial Throne.
May ſuch Succeſs attend his proſp'rous Reign,
As that fam'd Battle won on *Blenheim* Plain,
The Empires Succour, and the *Gauls* Defeat,
Bavaria harraſs'd, and their tatter'd Fleet.
Recall to view Great *Marlborough's* Advance,
To cheriſh *Leopold*, and humble *France*;
Behold the Sword of Juſtice in his Hand,
The Fate of *Europe* waiting his Command;
See him in ſtrong *Herculean* Labour move,
Avenging the Oppreſs'd, like awful *Jove*,
Fierce as the God of War, and affable as Love.

See how the *Gallick* Troops before him fall,
See him ſubdue their mighty General,
Tallard, whoſe Bonds did famouſly diſplay
The brave Reſult of that important Day;
When *Churchill* with triumphant Conqueſt crown'd,
For Valour, Conduct, and Succeſs renown'd,
Nobly aſſerted his Great Country's Fame,
And prov'd our ancient *Britain*'s ſtill the ſame;
Sacred in Truſt, and faithful to the End,
A potent Enemy, and conſtant Friend.
Oh ſee him with his gallant Troops deſtroy
The elevated Hopes of *Villeroy*,
While at *Ramellis* the loud Breath of Fame
Sounds *Io Peans* to the Victor's Name;
Thus view the valiant Chief, and bleſs the Day
When ANNA did Command, and *Marlborough* Obey;
On whoſe deciſive Arm Monarchs did wait,
What Great *Britannia* ſhould determinate,
The Auguſt Eagle left her native Skie,
Nor dar'd to ſoar till *Britain* bid her fly;
Nations depending on her wiſe Decree,
Submitted all to her Authority.

Now

Now *Britain*'s Genius once again take Wing,
Inſpire our Senate, General, and King,
May they conjoyn'd, unanimouſly move,
Strong in the Publick Intereſt, firm in Love;
What then ſhould hinder *Britain*'s ſafe Repoſe?
What then ſhould her Victorious Arms oppoſe?
But inbred Factions and domeſtick Foes.
Retard the Progreſs of theſe Ills betimes,
Virtue has yet th' Aſcendant o'er ſuch Crimes;
Nor Strife, nor Fraudulence can long withſtand
Honour, the natural Product of the Land.
Cement the Common-Wealth e'er 'tis too late,
The Flaw gapes wide was made in *Forty Eight*;
Which Royal JAMES betray'd into that Snare
Heroick WILLIAM hardly could repair;
Nor pious ANNA's Clemency reform,
Who ſtruggl'd ſtill with the impendent Storm.
ANNA that vertuous Queen--- But hold--- my Muſe
Does all Aſſiſtance on that Theme refuſe;
Thinks it Injuſtice to conform her Voice
To Dirges, on the Day we ſhould rejoyce;

Trace-

Traceing the Merits of the Good, and Brave,
Till we attend them to the mournful Grave.
She ſings of Glorious GEORGE, his awful Sway,
A Subject that admits of no Allay;
Our ſinking Nation by his Grace ſuſtain'd,
And *Britain*'s ſole Prerogative regain'd.
Already ANNA's on Records of Fame,
GEORGE now alone does all our Homage claim;
But late we paid the Tribute of our Tears,
Involv'd through Grief in anxious Cares and Fears,
Nor could the Joy her Preſence did create,
Exceed the Sorrow for her early Fate.
Even BRITANNIA ſtood her ſelf diſmay'd,
And round the melancholly Scene ſurvey'd,
A faithful Partner in their Diſcontent,
Shock'd at the Woe, and doubtful of th' Event:
Diſtreſs in ev'ry Countenance appear'd,
And nought but moving Elegy's were heard,
Which with incorrigible Rigor preſt
Their ſad Ideas on each ſighing Breaſt,
Threatning thoſe Diſſipations incident
To the moſt wiſe eſtabliſh'd Government,
Even a *Monarchical*----- Where

Where when the Princely Shepherd's ta'ne away,
The helpleſs Sheep are apt to run aſtray,
By ev'ry *Interregnum* prone to fear
Approaching Danger and Deſtruction near:
From whence Suſpition ſtrangely gathers Head,
And all Appearances ſtill carry Dread,
Driving 'em wildly to anticipate
Thoſe cauſeleſs Grievances their Doubts create;
Till by their unadviſed Steps they run
Upon that Ruin they deſign'd to ſhun.
Having no lively Taſte of their own Good,
Affairs of State by them ill underſtood,
From that fair Lot, by which they are exempt
From all the Toyl and Weight of Management,
To reap, in Eaſe, the Profit and Content.
Which when they for illegal Pow'r withdraw,
Subvert the Conſtitution and the Law,
Their little Skill is by Ambition ſway'd,
The publick Good to private Ends betray'd,
Thus indiſcreetly they their Fate provoke,
And willfully put on themſelves the Yoke.

While

While thus *Melpomene* lamented loud,
Britannia liſten'd from a lofty Cloud,
In that calm middle Region ſeated high,
For eaſy Commerce both with Earth and Skie,
And could as Need requires to each apply.
Thence She ſurvey'd her lov'd Metropolis,
Stately Augusta, now bereav'd of Bliſs;
Bending her languid Head, whoſe mural Crown
Declin'd, as the vaſt Pile were tumbling down,
Th' Imperial Matron ſees with Grief and Shame,
Her Capital City ſeiz'd with Factious Flame,
And her diſtracted Countrey with the ſame:
And therefore was too Gen'rous to accuſe
The juſt Remonſtrance of the mourning Muſe;
She ſigh'd, to ſhew a Patroneſs's Care,
Yet being too Heroick to deſpair,
From Earth to Heav'n ſhe rear'd her penſive Eyes,
And pierc'd, with tragick Groans, the low'ring Skies,
Her Scepter at the Feet of Mercy Lays,
Then to th' Almighty thus devoutly prays.

Immortal God, whose Power is immense,
Whose sacred Name we fear and reverence,
Whose holy Attributes we all adore,
Admire thy Wisdome, and thy Grace implore,
To whom thy Creatures with Submission bend,
On whom the glorious Host of Heav'n attend,
States, Thrones, and Principalitys depend.
Look down with pity on this Nation's Woe,
Redress their Grief, avert the fatal Blow,
Let not their Folly pull thy Vengeance down,
But spare them; Oh Correct, but with a Frown!
Oh still commiserate thy chosen Land,
And put this Scepter in a righteous Hand;
Under whose happy Reign may Peace be found,
Justice, and Piety, and Truth abound,
Thy Church may flourish, and thy Wrath be fear'd,
Thy *Holy Name* be Honour'd and Rever'd.

Scarce ended She, when to her wond'ring Sight,
Round the *Horison* rose a splendid Light;

The Wreak rid fast, and from the Lustre flew,
Whilst the refulgent Rays still upward drew,
Seeming with Cadence the Ascent to clime
To soft seraphick Notes, that measur'd out the time;
Till through the vaulted Orb of Heav'n spread,
It broke in fiercer Glory o'er her Head.
When streight a Voice, that shook the Atmosphere,
With pleasing Terror stroke her list'ning Ear,
And then a Form as charming fills her Sight,
Uriell, a Chief among the Sons of Light,
Uriell, the smiling Messenger of Grace,
Who carries his glad Tidings in his Face.
The Royal Mourner here her Sighs suppress,
Alternate Passions struggl'd in her Breast,
By equal Joy and Reverence oppress,
Sinking beneath a trembling Ecstasie,
Whilst thus Heav'ns Envoy tells the kind Decree.

'Tis Granted. When such Incense does arise,
The Throne of Grace accepts the Sacrifice;
The Prayers of the Just must still prevail,
And Piety like thine can never fail;

Heaven of all its Rigour ſoon recants,
When Sov'raign Saints become the Supplicants;
The faithful Interceſſion of the Pare,
Vengeance allays, and Mercy does procure.
Our Seraphs have in BRUNSWICK's Prince obſerv'd,
A Heart that ne'er from Virtues Precepts ſwerv'd,
Merit ſufficient in his ſelf alone,
For this thy ſtubborn People to attone;
A Judgment clear, from all Abuſes free,
Conſpicuous Truth, and deep Sagacity.
A Heav'n of Temperance informs his Breaſt,
Which no unruly Paſſion dare moleſt;
Prudence and Counſel all his Deeds attend,
A gentle Maſter, and a conſtant Friend.
On a ſtrong Rock his Fortitude is built,
Nor ſhook by Hereſie, nor ſtain'd by Guilt;
Amidſt the Storms of each tempeſtuous State,
He ſtood divinely Good, ſerenely Great;
Firm and collected in his ſelf, defy'd
The roughest Blaſt of that rapacious Tide,

Long let him shine on *Britain*'s awful Throne,
This Scepter, and this Diadem's his own;
To which by sacred Providence decreed,
He was reserv'd with Glory to succeed.
Who for this People, thy lov'd Nations sake,
When Time grew ripe, was destin'd to awake
From past Grandeur, and rejoyce the Day,
By active Vertue, and imperial Sway.
And thus endu'd with Attributes sublime,
The vast Ascent his Ancestors did chime
To Honour and Renown, shall far transcend,
And where their tow'ring Fortune found an End,
Dart forth like the bright Sun in its full Might,
And by his glorious Influence excite
To Deeds of Fame, too wond'rous and immense
For ought but his superiour Excellence.

Mount then, Great Guardian of this happy Land,
At once inspire and give thy dread Command;
Start out with Vigour on thy noble Race,
And from the Earth, Fraud and Injustice chase;

Redreſs the Injur'd, and aſſiſt the Brave,
Quell Tyranny, and from Oppreſſion ſave
The Hopeleſs and Diſtreſs'd, eſtabliſh Right,
And put thy daring Enemys to flight:
Stretch forth thy Hand, thy Pow'r is unconfin'd,
And be th' auguſt Protector of Mankind.

See! on thy Call, a matchleſs Race attends,
Whom Heav'n to thy Indulgence recommends,
Repleat with Courage, Conduct, Counſel, Skill,
And ſtrong Impulſe to execute thy Will:
For this Heav'n form'd them with a Gen'rous Mind,
Prompt to the Mighty Acts for them deſign'd,
Made Piety and Vertue ſtill their Aim,
Glory, and Honour, and immortal Fame:
Which ſoaring to an eminent Degree,
Bleſs'd by thy great and gracious *Sov'raign*,
Under thy pious and judicious Reign,
The utmoſt Pitch of Glory ſhall obtain,
Theſe marvellous Atchievements to effect,
Heroes and *Patriots* the moſt Select.

That ever yet adorn'd an awful State,
Auſpiciouſly around thy Perſon wait.

Behold illuſtrious *Buckingham*, and ſee
Unſhaken *Faith* and *Magnanimity*.
A States-man of profound Experience,
Of happy Conduct, elevated Senſe,
Who ever made ſtrict Loyalty his Aim,
His Prince's Glory, and his Country's Fame,
In whom uncommon Excellencies meet,
And Wiſdom has her moſt exalted Seat.

Right Reverend *York!* what Epithets can raiſe
A Character proportion'd to his Praiſe?
Next to Divinity he ſeems to move,
With all the glorious Attributes above,
Compos'd of Truth, Integrity, and Love,
With brighteſt Charity his Breaſt is ſtor'd,
Firm to his Truſt, and Sacred in his Word;
Scorning to court gay Fortune's vitious Smile,
An *Iſraelite* indeed in whom there is no Guile.

Let

Let *Cowper* thy juſt Admiration draw,
That eminent Proficient in the Law;
Whoſe early Days Maturity has crown'd,
For *Equity* and *Juſtice* moſt renown'd;
Prudent and wary Dangers to prevent,
Deliberate and cautious in Conſent;
Judicious, faithful, diligent, ſecure,
Fit to ſuſtain the Legiſlative Pow'r.

On *Nottingham* ſublime Perfections wait,
A moſt ſubſtantial Pillar of the State;
In all Proceedings circumſpect and ſage,
Nor raſh in Youth, nor negligent in Age;
With perfect good Oeconomy he moves,
And fair Events his Policy approves,
Whoſe Vigilance, and careful Management,
Nor Envy, Art, or Fraud can circumvent.

With juſt Applauſe bright *Halifax* is crown'd,
In whom the nobleſt Qualities abound;

A ſprightly Genius and capacious Mind,
By choiceſt Erudition moſt refin'd;
For lofty Enterprizes well deſign'd.
Whoſe Affability all Hearts engage,
The wiſe and good *Metenas* of the Age.

Thus Miniſters of exquiſite Report,
Illuminate and ſtrengthen Groton his Court,
Who, ſtudious of their Country's laſting Fame,
Shall deck his Brows, and aggrandize his Name.
All Foreign Stratagems they ſhall defie,
The publick Credit ever ſtanch and high,
Nothing ſhall fail for want of a Supply.
At home, abroad, Buſineſs ſhall always be
Attended with Diſpatch, and Secrecy;
Abuſes be reform'd, Danger withſtood,
And no Obruction to the common Good.

Even grey Hairs on greener Heads we ſee,
Superior Wildom and Vivacity;
As to the Glory of the *Britiſh Iſle*,
Is evident in Noble Brave *Argyle*;

Who

Who like young *Scipio* might ſtand Candidate
That mighty Arbiter 'twixt *Rome* and Fate;
For *Martial* Chief, or Civil *Magiſtrate*.

Thoſe eminent Commanders next ſurvey,
Superlative Great *Ormond* leads the way;
To whom ſhall *Mars*-like *Orford* render Place?
Whoſe dauntleſs Prowess claims pretendent Grace:
More there remains too num'rous to relate,
Bright Ornaments of this Triumphant State.

Then GEORGE, thy Deſtiny with Joy embrace,
While *Britain*'s Diadem thy Temples grace;
Take it a Pledge of Heaven's eternal Love;
Who crowns thee here below, hereafter will above.

Henceforth let *Britiſh* Bards thy Glory ſing,
Exert their Skill while ready Fame takes Wing,
And through the Univerſe thy Triumphs ring.
On this great Theme to eterniſe thy Name,
And all thy vaſt and wond'rous Acts proclaim,

Thy

Thy Battels fought, thy conqu'ring Lawrels won,
Prior thy *Horace* be, thy *Virgil Addiſon*,
But oh let ev'ry ſmooth and ſofter Praiſe
Due to thy Clemency, and Vertue, raiſe
The ſweet melodious Voice of *Lanſdown*'s Lays;

That charming *Orpheus* whoſe harmonious Strains,
Melts all the tender *Nymphs*, and gentle *Swains*,
Kindling in ev'ry Breaſt Love's Lambent Fire,
And ſtill attracts, and ſtill new Joys inſpire.
O how would he on ſuch a Subject ſoar,
Full of that Love and Loyalty he bore
His Sov'raign paſt, devolving now on thee,
And fix thy Fame in Immortality.
No more--------

This ſaid, as imperceptible as Air,
Straight to the Court the Goddeſs did repair,
Inſpir'd the KING with a true *Britiſh* Zeal,
And recommended thus the Common-weal.

Thou

Thou bear'ſt, Great *Monarch*, that Heroick Name,
By which the *Engliſh* Champion rais'd his Fame;
From which thy Subjects Hearts prognoſticate
Thy laſting Glory, and their riſing State.

Cheriſh th' Affection that on thee they place,
And let their ardent Loyalty find Grace;
Thy Sword like their victorious Guardian draw,
Protecting Virtue, keeping Vice in awe;
Thy pious Prayers like his may Heaven atone,
Procure thy Nation's Bleſſing and thy own;
So may each Day freſh Joys, freſh Lawrels bring,
To Glorious GEORGE, our *Patron*, *Saint*, and *King*.

Vivat Rex.